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POEMS

FROM THE

PERSIAN.

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Welcome, Prince of Horsemen, welcome!
Ride a-field, and strike the Ball!

RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM;

AND THE

SALÁMÁN AND ÁBSÁL

OF

JÁMÍ;

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

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RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM,

THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

Rendered into English Verse.

FOURTH EDITION.

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OMAR KHAYYÁM,

THE

Astronomer-Poet of Persia.

Omar Khayyám was born at Naishápúr in Khorasan in the latter half of our Eleventh, and died within the First Quarter of our Twelfth Century. The slender Story of his Life is curiously twined about that of two other very considerable Figures in their Time and Country: one of whom tells the Story of all Three. This was Nizám ul Mulk, Vizyr to Alp Arslan the Son, and Malik Shah the Grandson, of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from the feeble Successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám ul Mulk, in his *Wasiyat*—or *Testament*—which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future Statesmen—relates the following, as quoted in the *Calcutta Review*, No. 59, from Mirkhond's History of the Assassins.

" 'One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassan

'was the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr, a man 'highly honoured and reverenced,—may God rejoice 'his soul; his illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, 'and it was the universal belief that every boy who 'read the Koran or studied the traditions in his 'presence, would assuredly attain to honour and 'happiness. For this cause did my father send me 'from Tús to Naishápúr with Abd-us-samad, the 'doctor of law, that I might employ myself in study 'and learning under the guidance of that illustrious 'teacher. Towards me he ever turned an eye of 'favour and kindness, and as his pupil I felt for him 'extreme affection and devotion, so that I passed 'four years in his service. When I first came there, 'I found two other pupils of mine own age newly 'arrived, Hakim Omar Khayyám, and the ill-fated 'Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed with sharpness 'of wit and the highest natural powers; and we three 'formed a close friendship together. When the 'Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join 'me, and we repeated to each other the lessons we 'had heard. Now Omar was a native of Naishápúr, 'while Hasan Ben Sabbáh's father was one Ali, a 'man of austere life and practice, but heretical in 'his creed and doctrine. One day Hasan said to me 'and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal belief that the

'pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. 'Now, even if we *all* do not attain thereto, without 'doubt one of us will; what then shall be our mutual 'pledge and bond?' We answered, 'Be it what you 'please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow, that 'to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it 'equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence 'for himself.' 'Be it so,' we both replied, and on 'those terms we mutually pledged our words. Years 'rolled on, and I went from Khorassan to Trans-'oxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul; and 'when I returned, I was invested with office, and 'rose to be administrator of affairs during the 'Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán.'

"He goes on to state, that years passed by, and both his old school-friends found him out, and came and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the school-day vow. The Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier's request; but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and, failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. After many mishaps and wanderings, Hasan became the head of the Persian sect of the *Ismailians*,—a party of

fanatics who had long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A.D. 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract south of the Caspian Sea; and it was from this mountain home he obtained that evil celebrity among the Crusaders as the OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, and spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and it is yet disputed whether the word *Assassin*, which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the *hashish*, or opiate of hemp-leaves (the Indian *bhang*), with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental desperation, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen in his quiet collegiate days, at Naishápúr. One of the countless victims of the Assassin's dagger was Nizám-ul-Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend.[1]

[1] Some of Omar's Rubáiyát warn us of the danger of Greatness, the instability of Fortune, and while advocating Charity to all Men, recommending us to be too intimate with none. Attár makes Nizám-ul-Mulk use the very words of his friend Omar [Rub. xxviii.], "When Nizám-ul-Mulk was in the Agony (of Death) he said, 'Oh God! I am passing away in the hand of the Wind.'"

"Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim the share; but not to ask for title or office. 'The 'greatest boon you can confer on me,' he said, 'is to 'let me live in a corner under the shadow of your 'fortune, to spread wide the advantages of Science, 'and pray for your long life and prosperity.' The Vizier tells us, that, when he found Omar was really sincere in his refusal, he pressed him no further, but granted him a yearly pension of 1200 *mithkáls* of gold, from the treasury of Naishápur.

"At Naishápúr thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, 'busied,' adds the Vizier, 'in winning 'knowledge of every kind, and especially in Astro-'nomy, wherein he attained to a very high pre-'eminence. Under the Sultanate of Malik Shah, he 'came to Merv, and obtained great praise for his 'proficiency in science, and the Sultan showered 'favours upon him.'

"When Malik Shah determined to reform the calendar, Omar was one of the eight learned men employed to do it; the result was the *Jaláli* era (so called from *Jalal-u-din*, one of the king's names)—'a computation of time,' says Gibbon, 'which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style.' He is also the author of some astronomical tables, entitled Zíji-Malikshábí," and

the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic Treatise of his on Algebra.

"His Takhallus or poetical name (Khayyám) signifies a Tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before Nizám-ul-Mulk's generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian poets similarly derive their names from their occupations; thus we have Attár, 'a druggist,' Assár, 'an oil presser,' &c.[1] Omar himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines:—

'Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!'

"We have only one more anecdote to give of his Life, and that relates to the close; it is told in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems; it has been printed in the Persian in the appendix to Hyde's *Veterum Persarum Religio*, p. 529; and D'Herbelot alludes to it in his Bibliothèque, under *Khiam*:[2]—

[1] Though all these, like our Smiths, Archers, Millers, Fletchers, &c., may simply retain the Surname of an hereditary calling.

[2] "Philosophe Musulman qui a vécu en Odeur de Sainteté vers la Fin du premier et le Commencement du second Siècle," no part of which, except the "Philosophe," can apply to *our* Khayyám.

"'It is written in the chronicles of the ancients 'that this King of the Wise, Omar Khayyám, died 'at Naishápúr in the year of the Hegira, 517 '(A.D. 1123); in science he was unrivalled,—the very 'paragon of his age. Khwájah Nizámi of Samar-'cand, who was one of his pupils, relates the 'following story: 'I often used to hold conversations 'with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden; and 'one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot 'where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I 'wondered at the words he spake, but I knew that his 'were no idle words.[1] Years after, when I chanced 'to revisit Naishápúr, I went to his final resting-'place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and 'trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the 'garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his 'tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them.'"

[1] The Rashness of the Words, according to D'Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Korán: "No Man knows where he shall die."—This Story of Omar reminds me of another so naturally—and, when one remembers how wide of his humble mark the noble sailor aimed—so pathetically told by Captain Cook—not by Doctor Hawkesworth—in his Second Voyage. When leaving Ulietea, "Oreo's last request was for me to return. When he saw he could not obtain that promise, he asked the name of my *Marai*—Burying-place. As strange a question as this was, I hesitated not a moment to tell him

Thus far—without fear of Trespass—from the *Calcutta Review.* The writer of it, on reading in India this story of Omar's Grave, was reminded, he says, of Cicero's Account of finding Archimedes' Tomb at Syracuse, buried in grass and weeds. I think Thorwaldsen desired to have roses grow over him; a wish religiously fulfilled for him to the present day, I believe. However, to return to Omar.

Though the Sultan "shower'd Favours upon him," Omar's Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country. He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose Practice he ridiculed, and whose Faith amounts to little more than his own when stript of the Mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide. Their Poets, including Háfiz, who are (with the exception of Firdausi) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of

'Stepney,' the parish in which I live when in London. I was made to repeat it several times over till they could pronounce it; and then 'Stepney Marai no Toote' was echoed through a hundred mouths at once. I afterwards found the same question had been put to Mr. Forster by a man on shore; but he gave a different, and indeed more proper answer, by saying, 'No man who used the sea could say where he should be buried.'"

Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical Use more convenient to Themselves and the People they addressed; a People quite as quick of Doubt as of Belief; as keen of Bodily Sense as of Intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy composition of both, in which they could float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either. Omar was too honest of Heart as well as of Head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they *might* be. It has been seen, however, that his Worldly Ambition was not exorbitant; and he very likely takes a humorous or perverse pleasure in exalting the gratification of Sense above that of the Intellect, in which he must have taken great delight, although it failed to answer the Questions in which he, in common with all men, was most vitally interested.

For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his own Country, and therefore has been but scantily transmitted

abroad. The MSS. of his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reacht Westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of Arms and Science. There is no copy at the India House, none at the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. We know but of one in England : No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A.D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát. One in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta (of which we have a Copy), contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of Repetition and Corruption. So Von Hammer speaks of *his* Copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that number.[1] The Scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their Work under a sort of Protest; each beginning with a Tetrastich (whether genuine or not), taken out of its alphabetical order; the Oxford with one of Apology; the Calcutta with one of Expostulation, supposed (says a Notice prefixed to the MS.) to have arisen from a Dream, in which Omar's

[1] "Since this Paper was written (adds the Reviewer in a note), "we have met with a Copy of a very rare Edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836. This contains 438 Tetrastichs, with an Appendix containing 54 others not found in some MSS."

mother asked about his future fate. It may be rendered thus :—

"Oh Thou who burn'st in Heart for those who burn
"In Hell, whose fires thyself shall feed in turn;
"How long be crying, 'Mercy on them, God!'
"Why, who art Thou to teach, and He to learn?"

The Bodleian Quatrain pleads Pantheism by way of Justification.

"If I myself upon a looser Creed
"Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good deed,
"Let this one thing for my Atonement plead :
"That One for Two I never did mis-read."

The Reviewer, to whom I owe the Particulars of Omar's Life, concludes his Review by comparing him with Lucretius, both as to natural Temper and Genius, and as acted upon by the Circumstances in which he lived. Both indeed were men of subtle, strong, and cultivated Intellect, fine Imagination, and Hearts passionate for Truth and Justice; who justly revolted from their Country's false Religion, and false, or foolish, Devotion to it; but who fell short of replacing what they subverted by such better *Hope* as others, with no better Revelation to guide them, had yet made a Law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus

furnished, satisfied himself with the theory of a vast machine fortuitously constructed, and acting by a Law that implied no Legislator; and so composing himself into a Stoical rather than Epicurean severity of Attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical Drama of the Universe which he was part Actor in; himself and all about him (as in his own sublime description of the Roman Theatre) discoloured with the lurid reflex of the Curtain suspended between the Spectator and the Sun. Omar, more desperate, or more careless of any so complicated System as resulted in nothing but hopeless Necessity, flung his own Genius and Learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general Ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of Life, only *diverted* himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!

With regard to the present Translation. The original Rubáiyát (as, missing an Arabic Guttural, these *Tetrastichs* are more musically called) are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Prosody; sometimes *all*

rhyming, but oftener (as here imitated) the third line a blank. Sometimes as in the Greek Alcaic, where the penultimate line seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls over in the last. As usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme—a strange succession of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the "Drink and make-merry," which (genuine or not) recurs over-frequently in the Original. Either way, the Result is sad enough: saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: more apt to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tentmaker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic Glimpse of TO-MORROW, fell back upon TO-DAY (which has outlasted so many To-morrows!) as the only Ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet.

RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.

I.

WAKE! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
  Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
  "When all the Temple is prepared within,
"Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
  "You know how little while we have to stay,
"And, once departed, may return no more."

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehleví, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
"Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of her's to' incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

XI.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

XII.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII.

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV.

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
"Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
"At once the silken tassel of my Purse
"Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

XVII.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

XVIII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XIX.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XX.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
  Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXI.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
  To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

XXII.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
  Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
  Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

XXIV.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

XXV.

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

XXVI.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX.

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

XXXII.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthern Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
"Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

XXXVI.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVII.

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVIII.

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

XXXIX.

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

XL.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
  Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

XLI.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
  And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
  Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were—TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

XLIII.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
  And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
  Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

XLV.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
  The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
  The Eternal Sákí from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
  Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

XLVIII.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reacht
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

XLIX.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About the secret—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

L.

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to The Master too;

LI.

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains;

LII.

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-day, while You are You—how then
To-morrow, You when shall be You no more?

LIV.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line,
And " UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

LVII.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning ?—Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

LVIII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

LIX.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute :
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX.

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

LXII.

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

LXIV.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:"

LXVII.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

LXXI.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV.

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXVI.

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII.

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX.

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

LXXX.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI.

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

* * * * * *

LXXXII.

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV.

Said one among them—" Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV.

Then said a Second—" Ne'er a peevish Boy
" Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
" And He that with his hand the Vessel made
" Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI.

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
" They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
" What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII.

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
  "All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII.

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
"Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
  "The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
"He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

LXXXIX.

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
"My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
  "But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
"Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:
  And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
"Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

* * * * * *

XCI.

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCIII.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
  And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

XCV.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
  I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

XCVI.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
  The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVII.

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
  To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

XCVIII.

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX.

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

* * * * * *

C.

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

CI.

And when like her, oh Sákí, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM.

NOTES.

(Stanza II.) The "*False Dawn*;" *Subhi Kázib*, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the *Subhi sádik*, or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East.

(IV.) New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and (howsoever the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy *Lunar* Year that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra) still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshyd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

"The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring," says Mr. Binning, "are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start from the Soil. At *Naw Rooz* (*their* New Year's Day) the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Garden were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing upon the Plains on every side—

'And on old Hyems' Chin and icy Crown
'An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds
'Is, as in mockery, set—'—

Among the Plants newly appear'd I recognized some Acquaintances I had not seen for many a Year: among these, two varieties of the Thistle; a coarse species of the Daisy, like the Horse-gowan; red and white Clover; the Dock; the blue Corn-flower; and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its

yellow crest on the Banks of the Water-courses." The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown: but an almost identical Blackbird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring.

"The White Hand of Moses." Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand—not, according to the Persians, "*leprous as Snow*,"—but *white*, as our May-blossom in Spring perhaps. According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath.

(V.) Iram, planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshyd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a *Divining Cup.*

(VI.) *Pehlevi*, the old Heroic *Sanskrit* of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale's *Pehlevi*, which did not change with the People's.

I am not sure if the fourth line refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or to the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia. I think that Southey, in his Common-Place Book, quotes from some Spanish author about the Rose being White till 10 o'clock; "Rosa Perfecta" at 2; and "perfecta incarnada" at 5.

(X.) Rustum, the "Hercules" of Persia, and Zál his Father, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Sháh-náma. Hátim Tai, a well-known type of Oriental Generosity.

(XIII.) A Drum—beaten outside a Palace.

(XIV.) That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

(XVIII.) Persepolis: call'd also *Takht-i-Jamshyd*—The Throne of Jamshyd, "*King Splendid*," of the mythical *Peshdádian* Dynasty, and supposed (according to the Sháh-náma) to have been founded and built by him. Others refer it to the Work of

the Genie King, Ján Ibn Ján—who also built the Pyramids—before the time of Adam.

Bahrám Gúr—*Bahram of the Wild Ass*—a Sassanian Sovereign—had also his Seven Castles (like the King of Bohemia!) each of a different Colour: each with a Royal Mistress within; each of whom tells him a Story, as told in one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amír Khusraw: all these Sevens also figuring (according to Eastern Mysticism) the Seven Heavens; and perhaps the Book itself that Eighth, into which the mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of those Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahrám sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood, while pursuing his *Gúr.*

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo."

This Quatrain Mr. Binning found, among several of Háfiz and others, inscribed by some stray hand among the ruins of Persepolis. The Ringdove's ancient *Pehlevi Coo, Coo, Coo,* signifies also in Persian "*Where? Where? Where?*" In Attár's "Bird-parliament" she is reproved by the Leader of the Birds for sitting still, and for ever harping on that one note of lamentation for her lost Yúsuf.

Apropos of Omar's Red Roses in Stanza xix, I am reminded of an old English Superstition, that our Anemone Pulsatilla, or purple "Pasque Flower," (which grows plentifully about the Fleam Dyke, near Cambridge), grows only where Danish Blood has been spilt.

(XXI.) A thousand years to each Planet.

(XXXI.) Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

(XXXII.) Me-and-Thee: some dividual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole.

(XXXVII.) One of the Persian Poets—Attár, I think—has a pretty story about this. A thirsty Traveller dips his hand into a Spring of Water to drink from. By-and-by comes another who draws up and drinks from an earthen Bowl, and then departs, leaving his Bowl behind him. The first Traveller takes it up for another draught; but is surprised to find that the same Water which had tasted sweet from his own hand tastes bitter from the earthen Bowl. But a Voice—from Heaven, I think—tells him the clay from which the Bowl is made was once *Man*; and, into whatever shape renew'd, can never lose the bitter flavour of Mortality.

(XXXIX.) The custom of throwing a little Wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia, and perhaps generally in the East. Mons. Nicolas considers it "un signe de libéralité, et en même temps un avertissement que le buveur doit vider sa coupe jusqu'à la dernière goutte." Is it not more likely an ancient Superstition; a Libation to propitiate Earth, or make her an Accomplice in the illicit Revel? Or, perhaps, to divert the Jealous Eye by some sacrifice of superfluity, as with the Ancients of the West? With Omar we see something more is signified; the precious Liquor is not lost, but sinks into the ground to refresh the dust of some poor Wine-worshipper foregone.

Thus Háfiz, copying Omar in so many ways: "When thou drinkest Wine pour a draught on the ground. Wherefore fear the Sin which brings to another Gain?"

(XLIII.) According to one beautiful Oriental Legend, Azräel accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an Apple from the Tree of Life.

This, and the two following Stanzas would have been withdrawn, as somewhat *de trop*, from the Text, but for advice which I least like to disregard.

(LI.) From Máh to Máhi; from Fish to Moon.

(LVI.) A Jest, of course, at his Studies. A curious mathematical Quatrain of Omar's has been pointed out to me; the more curious because almost exactly parallel'd by some Verses of Doctor Donne's, that are quoted in Izaak Walton's Lives! Here is Omar: "You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads (sc. our *feet*) we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads (sc. feet) together at the end." Dr. Donne:

If we be two, we two are so
  As stiff twin-compasses are two;
Thy Soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
  To move, but does if the other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
  Yet when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
  And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such thou must be to me, who must
  Like the other foot obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
  And me to end where I begun.

(LIX.) The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World, *including* Islamism, as some think: but others not.

(LX.) Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its dark people.

(LXVIII.) *Fánúsi khiyál*, a Magic-lanthorn still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within.

(LXX.) A very mysterious Line in the Original:

O dánad O dánad O dánad O ——

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

(LXXV.) Parwín and Mushtarí—The Pleiads and Jupiter.

(LXXXVII.) This Relation of Pot and Potter to Man and his Maker figures far and wide in the Literature of the World, from the time of the Hebrew Prophets to the present; when it may finally take the name of "Pot theism," by which Mr. Carlyle ridiculed Sterling's "Pantheism." *My* Sheikh, whose knowledge flows in from all quarters, writes to me—

"Apropos of old Omar's Pots, did I ever tell you the sentence I found in 'Bishop Pearson on the Creed'? 'Thus are we wholly at the disposal of His will, and our present and future condition framed and ordered by His free, but wise and just, decrees. *Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?* (Rom. ix. 21.) And can that earth-artificer have a freer power over his *brother potsherd* (both being made of the same metal), than God hath over him, who, by the strange fecundity of His omnipotent power, first made the clay out of nothing, and then him out of that?'"

And again—from a very different quarter—"I had to refer the other day to Aristophanes, and came by chance on a curious Speaking-pot story in the Vespæ, which I had quite forgotten.

Φιλοκλέων. Ἄκουε, μὴ φεῦγ'· ἐν Συβάρει γυνή ποτε l. 1435
κατέαξ' ἐχῖνον.

Κατήγορος. Ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.

Φι. Οὐχῖνος οὖν ἔχων τιν' ἐπεμαρτύρατο·
Εἶθ' ἡ Συβαρῖτις εἶπεν, ἐι ναὶ τὰν κόραν
τὴν μαρτυρίαν ταύτην ἐάσας, ἐν τάχει
ἐπίδεσμον ἐπρίω, νοῦν ἂν εἶχες πλείονα.

"The Pot calls a bystander to be a witness to his bad treatment. The woman says, 'If, by Proserpine, instead of all this 'testifying' (comp. Cuddie and his mother in 'Old Mortality!') you would buy yourself a rivet, it would show more sense in you!' The Scholiast explains *echinus* as ἄγγος τι ἐκ κεράμου."

One more illustration for the oddity's sake from the "Autobiography of a Cornish Rector," by the late James Hamley Tregenna. 1871.

"There was one old Fellow in our Company—he was so like a Figure in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' that Richard always called him the 'ALLEGORY,' with a long white beard—a rare Appendage in those days—and a Face the colour of which seemed to have been baked in, like the Faces one used to see on Earthenware Jugs. In our Country-dialect Earthenware is called '*Clome*'; so the Boys of the Village used to shout out after him—'Go back to the Potter, Old Clome-face, and get baked over again.' For the 'Allegory,' though shrewd enough in most things, had the reputation of being '*saift-baked*,' i.e., of weak intellect.

(XC.) At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Musulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse

of the New Moon (who rules their division of the Year), is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard—toward the *Cellar*. Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about the same Moon—

" Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,
" And a young Moon requite us by and by :
" Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan
" With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky !"

FINIS.

SALÁMÁN

AND

ABSÁL.

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NOTICE OF JÁMÍ'S LIFE.

Drawn from Rosenzweig's "Biographische Notizen" of the Poet.

Núruddín Abdurrahman, Son of Mauláná Nizamuddín Ahmed, and descended on the Mother's side from One of the Four great "Fathers" of Islamism, was born A.H. 817, A.D. 1414, in Jám, a little Town of Khorasán, whither his Grandfather had removed from Desht of Ispahán and from which the Poet ultimately took his Takhallus, or Poetic name, Jámí. This word also signifies "A Cup;" wherefore, he says, "Born in Jám, and dipt in the "*Jám*" of Holy Lore, for a double reason I must be called Jámí in the Book of Song."* He was celebrated afterwards in other Oriental Titles—"Lord of Poets"—"Elephant of Wisdom," &c., but latterly liked to call himself "The Ancient of Herát," where he mainly resided, and eventually died.

When Five Years old he received the name of Núruddín—the "Light of Faith," and even so early

* He elsewhere plays upon his name, imploring God that he may be accepted as a Cup to pass about that Spiritual Wine of which the Persian Mystical Poets make so much.

began to show the Metal, and take the Stamp that distinguished him through Life. In 1419, a famous Sheikh, Khwájah Mohammed Parsa, then in the last Year of his Life, was being carried through Jám. "I was not then Five Years old," says Jámí, "and my Father, who with his Friends went forth to salute him, had me carried on the Shoulders of one of the Family and set down before the Litter of the Sheikh, who gave a Nosegay into my hand. Sixty Years have passed, and methinks I now see before me the bright Image of the Holy Man, and feel the Blessing of his Aspect, from which I date my after Devotion to that Brotherhood in which I hope to be enrolled."

So again, when Maulána Fakhruddín Loristani had alighted at his Mother's house—"I was then so little that he set me upon his Knee, and with his Fingers drawing the Letters of 'ALI' and 'OMAR' in the Air, laughed with delight to hear me spell them. He also by his Goodness sowed in my Heart the Seed of his Devotion, which has grown to Increase within me—in which I hope to live, and in which to die. Oh God! Dervish let me live, and Dervish die; and in the Company of the Dervish do Thou quicken me to life again!"

Jámí first went to a School at Herát; and after-

ward to one founded by the Great Timúr at Samarcand. There he not only outstript his Fellow-students in the very Encyclopædic Studies of Persian Education, but even puzzled his Doctors in Logic, Astronomy, and Theology; who, however, with unresenting Gravity welcomed him—"Lo! a new Light added to our Galaxy!"—And among them in the wider Field of Samarcand he might have liked to remain, had not a Dream recalled him to Herát. A Vision of the Great Súfí Master there, Mohammed Saaduddín Kashghari, appeared to him in his Sleep, and bade him return to One who would satisfy all Desire. Jámí returned to Herát; he saw the Sheikh discoursing with his Disciples by the Door of the Great Mosque; day after day passed him by without daring to present himself; but the Master's Eye was upon him; day by day drew him nearer and nearer—till at last the Sheikh announces to those about him—"Lo! this Day have I taken a Falcon in my Snare!"

Under him Jámí began his Súfí Noviciate, with such Devotion, both to Study and Master, that going, he tells us, but for one Summer Holiday into the Country, a single Line sufficed to "lure the Tassel-gentle back again;"

"Lo! here am I, and Thou look'st on the Rose!"

By-and-by he withdrew, by due course of Súfí Instruction, into Solitude so long and profound, that on his return to Men he had almost lost the Power of Converse with them. At last, when duly taught, and duly authorized to teach as Súfí Doctor, he yet would not take upon himself so to do, though solicited by those who had seen such a Vision of him as had drawn himself to Herát; and not till the Evening of his Life was he to be seen taking that place by the Mosque which his departed Master had been used to occupy before.

Meanwhile he had become Poet, which no doubt winged his Reputation and Doctrine far and wide through a People so susceptible of poetic impulse.

"A Thousand times," he says, "I have repented of such Employment; but I could no more shirk it than one can shirk what the Pen of Fate has written on his Forehead"—"As Poet I have resounded through the World; Heaven filled itself with my Song, and the Bride of Time adorned her Ears and Neck with the Pearls of my Verse, whose coming Caravan the Persian Hafiz and Saadi came forth gladly to salute, and the Indian Khosrú and Hasan hailed as a Wonder of the World." "The Kings of India and Rúm greet me by Letter: the Lords of Irák and Tabríz load me with Gifts; and what

shall I say of those of Khorasán, who drown me in an Ocean of Munificence?"

This, though Oriental, is scarcely bombast. Jámí was honoured by Princes at home and abroad, at the very time they were cutting one another's Throats; by his own Sultan Abu Saïd; by Hasan Beg of Mesopotamia—"Lord of Tabríz"—by whom Abu Saïd was defeated, dethroned, and slain; by Mohammed II. of Turkey—"King of Rúm"—who in his turn defeated Hasan; and lastly by Husein Mirza Baikara, who somehow made away with the Prince whom Hasan had set up in Abu Saïd's Place at Herát. Such is the House that Jack builds in Persia.

As Hasan Beg, however—the USUNCASSAN of old European Annals—is singularly connected with the present Poem, and with probably the most important event in Jámí's Life, I will briefly follow the Steps that led to that as well as other Princely Intercourse.

In A.H. 877, A.D. 1472, Jámí set off on his Pilgrimage to Mecca, as every True Believer who could afford it was expected once in his Life to do. He, and, on his Account, the Caravan he went with, were honourably and safely escorted through the interjacent Countries by order of their several

Potentates as far as Baghdad. There Jâmí fell into trouble by the Treachery of a Follower whom he had reproved, and who misquoted his Verse into disparagement of Ali, the Darling Imám of Persia. This, getting wind at Baghdad, was there brought to solemn Tribunal. Jámí came victoriously off; his Accuser was pilloried with a dockt Beard in Baghdad Market-place : but the Poet was so ill pleased with the stupidity of those who had believed the Report, that, in an after Poem, he called for a Cup of Wine to seal up Lips of whose Utterance the Men of Baghdad were unworthy.

After four months' stay there, during which he visited at Helleh the Tomb of Ali's Son Husein, who had fallen at Kerbela, he set forth again—to Najaf, (where he says his Camel sprang forward at sight of Ali's own Tomb)—crossed the Desert in twenty-two days, continually meditating on the Prophet's Glory, to Medina; and so at last to Mecca, where, as he sang in a Ghazal, he went through all Mohammedan Ceremony with a Mystical Understanding of his Own.

He then turned Homeward : was entertained for forty-five days at Damascus, which he left the very Day before the Turkish Mohammed's Envoys come with 5000 Ducats to carry him to Constantinople. On

arriving at Amida, the Capital of Mesopotamia, he found War broken out and in full Flame between that Sultan and Hasan Beg, King of the Country, who caused Jámí to be honourably escorted through the dangerous Roads to Tabríz; there received him in full Diván, and would fain have him abide at his Court awhile. Jámí, however, was intent on Home, and once more seeing his aged Mother—for *he* was turned of Sixty—and at last reached Herát in the Month of Shaaban, 1473, after the Average Year's absence.

This is the Hasan, "in Name and Nature *Handsome*" (and so described by some Venetian Ambassadors of the Time), who was Father of Yacúb Beg, to whom Jámí dedicated the following Poem; and who, after the due murder of an Elder Brother, succeeded to the Throne; till all the Dynasties of "Black and White Sheep" together were swept away a few years after by Ismail, Founder of the Sofí Dynasty in Persia.

Arrived at home, Jámí found Husein Mirza Baikara, last of the Timuridæ, seated on the Throne there, and ready to receive him with open Arms. Nizamuddín Ali Shír, Husein's Vizír, a Poet too, had hailed in Verse the Poet's Advent from Damascus as "The Moon rising in the West;" and

they both continued affectionately to honour him as long as he lived.

Jámí sickened of his mortal Illness on the 13th of Moharrem, 1492—a Sunday. His Pulse began to fail on the following Friday, about the Hour of Morning Prayer, and stopped at the very moment when the Muezzin began to call to Evening. He had lived Eighty-one Years. Sultan Husein undertook the pompous Burial of one whose Glory it was to have lived and died in Dervish Poverty; the Dignitaries of the Kingdom followed him to the Grave; where twenty days afterward was recited in presence of the Sultan and his Court an Eulogy composed by the Vizír, who also laid the first Stone of a Monument to his Friend's Memory—the first Stone of "Tarbet'i Jámí," in the Street of Meshhed, a principal Thoro'fare of the City of Herát. For, says Rosenzweig, it must be kept in mind that Jámí was reverenced not only as a Poet and Philosopher, but as a Saint also; who not only might work a Miracle himself, but leave such a Power lingering about his Tomb. It was known that an Arab, who had falsely accused him of selling a Camel he knew to be unsound, died very shortly after, as Jámí had predicted, and on the very selfsame spot where the Camel fell. And that libellous Rogue at Baghdad

—he, putting his hand into his Horse's Nose-bag to see if the beast had finisht his Corn, had his Forefinger bitten off by the same—from which "Verstümmlung" he soon died—I suppose, as he ought, of Lock-jaw.

The Persians, who are adepts at much elegant Ingenuity, are fond of commemorating Events by some analogous Word or Sentence whose Letters, cabalistically corresponding to certain Numbers, compose the Date required. In Jámí's case they have hit upon the word "KAS," A Cup, whose signification brings his own name to Memory, and whose relative letters make up his 81 years. They have *Táríkhs* also for remembering the Year of his Death: Rosenzweig gives some; but Ouseley the prettiest of all;—

> Dúd az Khorásán bar ámed—
> "The smoke" of Sighs "went up from Khorásán."

No Biographer, says Rosenzweig cautiously, records of Jámí's having more than one Wife (Granddaughter of his Master Sheikh) and Four Sons; which, however, are Five too many for the Doctrine of this Poem. Of the Sons, Three died Infant; and the Fourth (born to him in very old Age), and for whom he wrote some Elementary Tracts, and the more famous "Beharistan," lived but a few years, and was

remembered by his Father in the Preface to his Khiradnama-i Iskander—Alexander's Wisdom-book —which perhaps had also been begun for the Boy's Instruction. He had likewise a nephew, one Mauláná Abdullah, who was ambitious of following his Uncle's Footsteps in Poetry. Jámí first dissuaded him; then, by way of trial whether he had a Talent as well as a Taste, bade him imitate Firdusi's Satire on Shah Mahmúd. The Nephew did so well, that Jámí then encouraged him to proceed; himself wrote the first Couplet of his First (and most celebrated) Poem—Laila and Majnun—

This Book of which the Pen has now laid the Foundation,
May the diploma of Acceptance one day befall it,—

and Abdullah went on to write that and four other Poems which Persia continues to delight in to the present day, remembering their Author under his Takhallus of HÁTIFI—"The Voice from Heaven"— and Last of the classic Poets of Persia.

Of Jámí's literary Offspring, Rosenzweig numbers forty-four. But Shír Khán Lúdí in his "Memoirs of the Poets," says Ouseley, accounts him Author of *Ninety-nine* Volumes of Grammar, Poetry, and Theology, which, he says, "continue to be universally admired in all parts of the Eastern World, Irán, Turán, and Hindustán"—copied some of them into

precious Manuscripts, illuminated with Gold and Painting, by the greatest Penmen and Artists of the time; one such—the "Beharistan"—said to have cost some thousands of pounds—autographed as their own by two Sovereign Descendants of TIMÚR; and now reposited away from "the Drums and Tramplings" of Oriental Conquest in the tranquil seclusion of an English library.

With us, his Name is almost wholly associated with his "Yúsuf and Zulaikha;" the "Beharistan" aforesaid: and this present "Salámán and Absál," which he tells us is like to be the last product of his Old Age. And these three Poems count for three of the brother Stars of that Constellation into which his seven best Mystical Poems are clustered under the name of "HEFT AURANG"—those "SEVEN THRONES" to which we of the West and North give our characteristic name of "Great Bear" and "Charles's Wain."

This particular Salámán Star, which thus conspicuously figures in Eastern eyes, but is reduced to one of very inferior magnitude as seen through this English Version,—is one of many Allegories under which the Persian Mystic symbolized an esoteric

doctrine which he dared not—and probably could not—more intelligibly reveal. As usual with such Poems in the story-loving East, the main Fable is intersected at every turn with some other subsidiary story, more or less illustrative of the matter in hand: many of these of a comic and grotesque Character mimicking the more serious, as may the Gracioso of the Spanish Drama. As for the metre of the Poem, it is the same as that adopted by Attár, Jelaluddín and other such Poets—and styled, as I have heard, the "Metre Royal"—although not having been used by Firdusi for his Shah-nameh. Thus it runs:

— ᴗ — — | — ᴗ — — | — ᴗ — |

a pace which, to those not used to it, seems to bring one up with too sudden a halt at the end of every line to promise easy travelling through an Epic. It may be represented in Monkish Latin Quantity:

Dum Salámán verba Regis cogitat,
Pectus illi de profundis æstuat;

or by English accent in two lines that may also plead for us and our Allegory:

Of Salámán and of Absál hear the Song;
Little wants man here below, nor little long.

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

PRELIMINARY INVOCATION.

Oh Thou, whose Spirit through this universe
In which Thou dost involve thyself diffused,
Shall so perchance irradiate human clay
That men, suddenly dazzled, lose themselves
In ecstacy before a mortal shrine
Whose Light is but a Shade of the Divine;
Not till thy Secret Beauty through the cheek
Of Laila smite doth she inflame Majnún;[1]
And not till Thou have kindled Shírín's Eyes
The hearts of those two Rivals swell with blood.
For Lov'd and Lover are not but by Thee,
Nor Beauty;—mortal Beauty but the veil
Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from itself
Feeds, and our hearts yearn after as a Bride

[1] Well-known Types of Eastern Lovers. Shírín and her Suitors figure in Sect. XX.

That glances past us veil'd—but ever so
That none the veil from what it hides may know.
How long wilt thou continue thus the World
To cozen[1] with the fantom of a veil
From which thou only peepest? I would be
Thy Lover, and thine only—I, mine eyes
Seal'd in the light of Thee to all but Thee,
Yea, in the revelation of Thyself
Lost to Myself, and all that Self is not
Within the Double world that is but One.
Thou lurkest under all the forms of Thought,
Under the form of all Created things;
Look where I may, still nothing I discern
But Thee throughout this Universe, wherein
Thyself Thou dost reflect, and through those eyes
Of him whom MAN thou madest, scrutinize.
To thy Harím DIVIDUALITY
No entrance finds—no word of THIS and THAT;
Do Thou my separate and derivéd Self
Make one with thy Essential! Leave me room
On that Diván which leaves no room for Twain;
Lest, like the simple Arab in the tale,
I grow perplext, oh God! 'twixt "ME" and "THEE;"

[1] The Persian Mystics also represent the Deity dicing with Human Destiny behind the Curtain.

If *I*—this Spirit that inspires me whence?
If *Thou*—then what this sensual Impotence?

From the solitary Desert
Up to Baghdad came a simple
Arab; there amid the rout
Grew bewildered of the countless
People, hither, thither, running,
Coming, going, meeting, parting,
Clamour, clatter, and confusion,
All about him and about.
Travel-wearied, hubbub-dizzy,
Would the simple Arab fain
Get to sleep—"But then, on waking,
"How," quoth he, "amid so many
"Waking know Myself again?"
So, to make the matter certain,
Strung a gourd about his ancle,
And, into a corner creeping,
Baghdad and Himself and People
Soon were blotted from his brain.
But one that heard him and divin'd
His purpose, slily crept behind;
From the Sleeper's ancle slipping,

Round his own the pumpkin tied,
And laid him down to sleep beside.
By and by the Arab waking
Looks directly for his Signal—
Sees it on another's Ancle—
Cries aloud, " Oh Good-for-nothing
" Rascal to perplex me so!
" That by you I am bewilder'd,
" Whether I *be* I *or no!*
" If I—*the Pumpkin why on* You?
" If You—*then Where am I, and* Who?"

AND yet, how long, O Jámi, stringing Verse,
Pearl after pearl, on that old Harp of thine?
Year after year attuning some new Song,
The breath of some old Story?[1] Life is gone,
And that last song is not the last; my Soul
Is spent—and still a Story to be told!
And I, whose back is crookéd as the Harp
I still keep tuning through the Night till Day!
That harp untun'd by Time—the harper's hand
Shaking with Age—how shall the harper's hand
Repair its cunning, and the sweet old harp

[1] "Yúsuf and Zulaikha," "Laila and Majnún," &c.

Be modulated as of old? Methinks
'Twere time to break and cast it in the fire;
The vain old harp, that, breathing from its strings
No music more to charm the ears of men,
May, from its scented ashes, as it burns,
Breathe resignation to the Harper's soul,
Now that his body looks to dissolution.
My teeth fall out—my two eyes see no more
Till by Feringhi glasses turn'd to four;[1]
Pain sits with me sitting behind my knees,
From which I hardly rise unhelpt of hand;
I bow down to my root, and like a Child
Yearn, as is likely, to my Mother Earth,
Upon whose bosom I shall cease to weep,
And on my Mother's bosom fall asleep.[2]

The House in ruin, and its music heard
No more within, nor at the door of speech,
Better in silence and oblivion
To fold me head and foot, remembering
What The Voice whisper'd in the Master's[3] ear—

[1] First notice of Spectacles in Oriental Poetry, perhaps.

[2] The same Figure is found in Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," and, I think, in other western poems of that era.

[3] Jelaluddin—Author of the "Mesnavi."

"No longer think of Rhyme, but think of ME!"—
Of WHOM?—Of HIM whose Palace the SOUL is,
And Treasure-house—who notices and knows
Its income and out-going, and *then* comes
To fill it when the Stranger is departed.
Yea; but whose Shadow being Earthly Kings,
Their Attributes, their Wrath and Favour, His,—
Lo! in the meditation of His glory,
The SHAH[1] whose subject upon Earth I am,
As he of Heaven's, comes on me unaware,
And suddenly arrests me for his due.
Therefore for one last travel, and as brief
As may become the feeble breath of Age,
My weary pen once more drinks of the well,
Whence, of the Mortal writing, I may read
Anticipation of the Invisible.

One who travel'd in the Desert
Saw MAJNÚN *where he was sitting*
All alone like a Magician
    Tracing Letters in the Sand.
"*Oh distracted Lover! writing*

[1] YÁKÚB BEG: to whose protection Jámi owed a Song of gratitude.

"What the Sword-wind of the Desert
" Undeciphers so that no one
" After you shall understand."
MAJNÚN *answer'd—" I am writing*
" Only for myself, and only
" ' LAILA,'—*If for ever* ' LAILA '
" Writing, in that Word a Volume,
" Over which for ever poring,
" From her very Name I sip
" In Fancy, till I drink, her Lip."

THE STORY.

Part I.

A Shah there was who ruled the realm of Yún,[1]
And wore the Ring of Empire of Sikander;
And in his reign A Sage, of such report
For Insight reaching quite beyond the Veil,
That Wise men from all quarters of the World,
To catch the jewel falling from his lips
Out of the secret treasure as he went,
Went in a girdle round him.—Which The Shah
Observing, took him to his secresy;
Stirr'd not a step, nor set design afoot,
Without the Prophet's sanction; till, so counsel'd,
From Káf to Káf [2] reach'd his Dominion:
No People, and no Prince that over them
The ring of Empire wore, but under his
Bow'd down in Battle; rising then in Peace
Under his Justice grew, secure from wrong,
And in their strength was his Dominion strong.

[1] Or "Yavan," Son of Japhet, from whom the Country was called "Yunan,"—Ionia, meant by the Persians to express Greece generally. Sikander is, of course, Alexander the Great.

[2] The Fabulous Mountain supposed by Asiatics to surround the World, binding the Horizon on all sides.

The SHAH that has not Wisdom in himself,
Nor has a Wise one for his Counsellor,
The wand of his Authority falls short,
And his Dominion crumbles at the base.
For he, discerning not the characters
Of Tyranny and Justice, confounds both,
Making the World a desert, and Redress
A fantom-water of the Wilderness.

God said to the Prophet David—
"*David, whom I have exalted*
"*From the sheep to be my People's*
"*Shepherd, by your Justice my*
"*Revelation justify.*
"*Lest the misbelieving—yea,*
"*The Fire-adoring, Princes rather*
"*Be my Prophets, who fulfil,*
"*Knowing not my* WORD, *my* WILL."

ONE night THE SHAH of Yúnan as he sate
Contemplating his measureless extent
Of Empire, and the glory wherewithal,

As with a garment robed, he ruled alone;
Then found he nothing wanted to his heart
Unless a Son, who, while he lived, might share,
And, after him, his robe of Empire wear.
And then he turned him to THE SAGE, and said:
" O Darling of the soul of IFLATUN;[1]
" To whom with all his school ARISTO bows;
" Yea, thou that an ELEVENTH to the TEN
" INTELLIGENCES addest: Thou hast read
" The yet unutter'd secret of my Heart,
" Answer—Of all that man desires of God
" Is any blessing greater than a Son?
" Man's prime Desire; by whom his name and he
" Shall live beyond himself; by whom his eyes
" Shine living, and his dust with roses blows.
" A Foot for thee to stand on, and an Arm
" To lean by; sharp in battle as a sword;
" Salt of the banquet-table; and a tower
" Of salutary counsel in Diván;
" One in whose youth a Father shall prolong
" His years, and in his strength continue strong."

When the shrewd SAGE had heard THE SHAH'S discourse

[1] Iflatún, Plato: Aristo, Aristotle: both renowned in the East to this Day. For the Ten Intelligences, see Appendix.

In commendation of a Son, he said:
"Thus much of a *Good* Son, whose wholesome growth
"Approves the root he grew from. But for one
"Kneaded of *Evil*—well, could one revoke
"His generation, and as early pull
"Him and his vices from the string of Time.
"Like Noah's, puff'd with insolence and pride,
"Who, reckless of his Father's warning call,
"Was by the voice of ALLAH from the door
"Of refuge in his Father's Ark debarr'd,
"And perish'd in the Deluge.[1] And as none
"Who long for children may their children choose,
"Beware of teazing Allah for a Son,
"Whom having, you may have to pray to lose."

Sick at heart for want of Children,
Ran before the Saint a Fellow,
Catching at his garment, crying,
"*Master, hear and help me! Pray*
"*That* ALLAH *from the barren clay*
"*Raise me up a fresh young Cypress,*
"*Who my longing eyes may lighten,*
"*And not let me like a vapour*

[1] See Note in Appendix I.

"Unremembered pass away."
But the Dervish said—"Consider;
"Wisely let the matter rest
"In the hands of ALLAH *wholly,*
"Who, whatever we are after,
"Understands our business best."
Still the man persisted—"Master,
"I shall perish in my longing:
"Help, and set my prayer a-going!"
Then the Dervish rais'd his hand—
From the mystic Hunting-land
Of Darkness to the Father's arms
A musky Fawn of China drew—
A Boy—who, when the shoot of Passion
In his Nature planted grew,
Took to drinking, dicing, drabbing.
From a corner of the house-top
Ill-insulting honest women,
Dagger-drawing on the husband;
And for many a city-brawl
Still before the Cadi summon'd,
Still the Father pays for all.
Day and night the youngster's doings
Such—the city's talk and scandal;
Neither counsel, threat, entreaty,
Moved him—till the desperate Father

Once more to the Dervish running,
Catches at his garment—crying—
" Oh my only Hope and Helper !
" One more Prayer ! That God, who laid,
" Would take this trouble from my head !"
But the Saint replied " Remember
" How that very Day I warn'd you
" Not with blind petition ALLAH
" Trouble to your own confusion ;
" Unto whom remains no more
" To pray for, save that He may pardon
" What so rashly prayed before."

" So much for the result; and for the means—
" Oh SHAH, who would not be himself a slave,
" Which SHAH least should, and of an appetite
" Among the basest of his slaves enslav'd—
" Better let Azrael find him on his throne
" Of Empire sitting childless and alone,
" Than his untainted Majesty resign
" To that seditious drink, of which one draught
" Still for another and another craves,
" Till it become a noose to draw the Crown

"From off thy brows—about thy lips a ring,
"Of which the rope is in a Woman's hand,
"To lead thyself the road of Nothing down.
"For what is *She?* A foolish, faithless thing—
"A very Káfir in rapacity;
"Robe her in all the rainbow-tinted woof
"Of Susa, shot with rays of sunny Gold;
"Deck her with jewel thick as Night with star;
"Pamper her appetite with Houri fruit
"Of Paradise, and fill her jewell'd cup
"From the green-mantled Prophet's Well of Life—
"One little twist of temper—all your cost
"Goes all for nothing: and, as for yourself—
"Look! On your bosom she may lie for years;
"But, get you gone a moment out of sight,
"And she forgets you—worse, if, as you turn,
"Her eyes on any younger Lover light."

Once upon the Throne together
Telling one another Secrets,
Sate SULAYMAN *and* BALKÍS;[1]

[1] Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who, it appears, is no worse in one way than Solomon in another, unless in Oriental Eyes.

The Hearts of both were turn'd to Truth,
Unsullied by Deception.
First the King of Faith SULAYMAN
Spoke—" However just and wise
" Reported, none of all the many
" Suitors to my palace thronging
" But afar I scrutinize;
" And He who comes not empty-handed
" Grows to Honour in mine Eyes."
After this, BALKÍS *a Secret*
From her hidden bosom utter'd,
Saying—" Never night or morning
" Comely Youth before me passes
" Whom I look not after, longing"—

" If this, as wise Firdúsi says, the curse
" Of better women, what then of the worse ?"

THE SAGE his satire ended ; and THE SHAH,
Determin'd on his purpose, but the means
Resigning to Supreme Intelligence,
With Magic-mighty Wisdom his own WILL
Colleagued, and wrought his own accomplishment.
For Lo! from Darkness came to Light A CHILD,
Of carnal composition unattaint;

A Perfume from the realm of Wisdom wafted;
A Rosebud blowing on the Royal stem;
The crowning Jewel of the Crown; a Star
Under whose augury triumph'd the Throne.
For whom dividing, and again in one
Whole perfect Jewel re-uniting, those
Twin Jewel-words, SALÁMAT and ASMÁN,[1]
They hail'd him by the title of SALÁMÁN.
And whereas from no Mother milk he drew,
They chose for him a Nurse—her name ABSÁL—
So young, the opening roses of her breast
But just had budded to an infant's lip;
So beautiful, as from the silver line
Dividing the musk-harvest of her hair
Down to her foot that trampled crowns of Kings,
A Moon of beauty full; who thus elect
Should in the garment of her bounty fold
SALÁMÁN of auspicious augury,
Should feed him with the flowing of her breast.
And, once her eyes had open'd upon Him,
They closed to all the world beside, and fed
For ever doating on her Royal jewel
Close in his golden cradle casketed:
Opening and closing which her day's delight,

[1] SALÁMAT, Security from Evil; ASMÁN, Heaven.

To gaze upon his heart-inflaming cheek,—
Upon the Babe whom, if she could, she would
Have cradled as the Baby of her eye.[1]
In rose and musk she wash'd him—to his lip
Press'd the pure sugar from the honeycomb;
And when, day over, she withdrew her milk,
She made, and having laid him in, his bed,
Burn'd all night like a taper o'er his head.

And still as Morning came, and as he grew,
Finer than any bridal-puppet, which
To prove another's love a woman sends,[2]
She trick'd him up—with fresh Collyrium dew
Touch'd his narcissus eyes—the musky locks
Divided from his forehead—and embraced
With gold and ruby girdle his fine waist.

So for seven years she rear'd and tended him:
Nay, when his still-increasing moon of Youth
Into the further Sign of Manhood pass'd,
Pursued him yet, till full fourteen his years,
Fourteen-day full the beauty of his face,

[1] Literally, *Mardumak*—the *Mannikin*, or *Pupil*, of the Eye, corresponding to the Image so frequently used by our old Poets.

[2] See Appendix.

That rode high in a hundred thousand hearts.
For, when SALÁMÁN was but half-lance high,
Lance-like he struck a wound in every one,
And shook down splendour round him like a Sun.

SOON as the Lord of Heav'n had sprung his horse
Over horizon into the blue field,
SALÁMÁN kindled with the wine of sleep,
Mounted a barb of fire for the Maidán;
He and a troop of Princes—Kings in blood,
Kings in the kingdom-troubling tribe of beauty,
All young in years and courage,[1] bat in hand
Gallop'd a-field, toss'd down the golden ball
And chased, so many crescent Moons a full;[2]
And, all alike intent upon the Game,
SALÁMÁN still would carry from them all
The prize, and shouting "Hál!" drive home the ball.

This done, SALÁMÁN bent him as a bow
To Archery—from Masters of the craft

[1] The same Persian Word signifying Youth and Courage.
[2] See Appendix.

Call'd for an unstrung bow—himself the cord
Fitted unhelpt,[1] and nimbly with his hand
Twanging made cry, and drew it to his ear:
Then, fixing the three-feather'd fowl, discharged:
And whether aiming at the fawn a-foot,
Or bird on wing, direct his arrow flew,
Like the true Soul that cannot but go true.

When night came, that releases man from toil,
He play'd the chess of social intercourse;
Prepared his banquet-hall like Paradise,
Summon'd his Houri-faced musicians,
And, when his brain grew warm with wine, the veil
Flung off him of reserve: taking a harp,
Between its dry string and his finger quick
Struck fire: or catching up a lute, as if
A child for chastisement, would pinch its ear
To wailing that should agéd eyes make weep.

[1] Bows being so gradually stiffened, according to the age and strength of the Archer, as at last to need five Hundred-weight of pressure to bend, says an old Translation of Chardin, who describes all the process up to bringing up the string to the ear, "*as if to hang it there*" before shooting. Then the first trial was, who could shoot highest: then, the mark, &c.

Now like the Nightingale he sang alone;
Now with another lip to lip; and now
Together blending voice and instrument;
And thus with his associates night he spent.

His Soul rejoiced in knowledge of all kind;
The fine edge of his Wit would split a hair,
And in the noose of apprehension catch
A meaning ere articulate in word;
Close as the knitted jewel of Parwín
His jewel Verse he strung; his Rhetoric
Enlarging like the Mourners of the Bier.[1]
And when he took the nimble reed in hand
To run the errand of his Thought along
Its paper field—the character he traced,
Fine on the lip of Youth as the first hair,
Drove Penmen, as that Lovers, to despair.

His Bounty like a Sea was fathomless
That bubbled up with jewel, and flung pearl
Where'er it touch'd, but drew not back again;

[1] The Pleiades and the Great Bear. This is otherwise prettily applied in the Anvari Soheili—"When one grows poor, his Friends, heretofore compact as THE PLEIADES, disperse wide asunder as THE MOURNERS."

It was a Heav'n that rain'd on all below
Dirhems for drops—

But here that inward Voice
Arrested and rebuked me—" Foolish Jámi !
" Wearing that indefatigable pen
" In celebration of an alien SHAH
" Whose Throne, not grounded in the Eternal
" World,
" If YESTERDAY it were, TO-DAY is not,
" TO-MORROW cannot be."[1] But I replied ;
" Oh Fount of Light !—under an alien name
" I shadow One upon whose head the Crown
" WAS and yet IS, and SHALL BE ; whose Firmán
" The Kingdoms Sev'n of this World, and the Seas,
" And the Sev'n Heavens, alike are subject to.
" Good luck to him who under other Name
" Instructed us that Glory to disguise
" To which the Initiate scarce dare lift his eyes."

Sate a Lover in a garden
All alone, apostrophizing

[1] The Hero of the Story being of YÚNAN—IONIA, or GREECE generally (the Persian Geography not being very precise)—and so not of THE FAITH.

Many a flower and shrub about him,
And the lights of Heav'n above.
Nightingaling thus, a Noodle
Heard him, and, completely puzzled,
" What," quoth he, " and you a Lover,
" Raving, not about your Mistress,
" But about the stars and roses—
" What have these to do with Love?"
Answer'd he; " Oh thou that aimest
" Wide of Love, and Lovers' language
" Wholly misinterpreting;
Sun and Moon are but my Lady's
" Self, as any Lover knows;
" Hyacinth I said, and meant her
" Hair—her cheek was in the rose—
" And I myself the wretched weed
" That in her cypress shadow grows."

AND now the cypress stature of Salámán
Had reached his top, and now to blossom full
The garden of his Beauty: and Absál,
Fairest of hers, as of his fellows he
The fairest, long'd to gather from the tree.

But, for that flower upon the lofty stem
Of Glory grew to which her hand fell short,
She now with woman's sorcery began
To conjure as she might within her reach.
The darkness of her eyes she darken'd round
With surma, to benight him in mid day,
And over them adorn'd and arch'd the bows[1]
To wound him there when lost: her musky locks
Into so many snaky ringlets culr'd
In which Temptation nestled o'er the cheek
Whose rose she kindled with vermilion dew,
And then one subtle grain of musk laid there,[2]
The bird of that belovéd heart to snare.
Sometimes in passing with a laugh would break
The pearl-enclosing ruby of her lips;
Or, busied in the room, as by mischance
Would let the lifted sleeve disclose awhile
The vein of silver running up within:
Or, rising as in haste, her golden anclets
Clash, at whose sudden summons to bring down
Under her silver feet the golden Crown.
Thus, by innumerable witcheries,

[1] With dark Indigo-Paint, as the Archery Bow with a thin Papyrus-like Bark.

[2] A *Patch*, sc.—"*Noir comme le Musc.*" De Sacy.

She went about soliciting his eyes,
Through which she knew the robber unaware
Steals in, and takes the bosom by surprise.

Burning with her love ZULAIKHA
Built a chamber, wall and ceiling
Blank as an untarnisht mirror,
Spotless as the heart of YÚSUF.
Then she made a cunning painter
Multiply her image round it;
Not an inch of wall or ceiling
But re-echoing her beauty.
Then amid them all in all her
Glory sat she down, and sent for
YÚSUF—*she began a tale*
Of Love—and lifted up her veil.
Bashfully beneath her burning
Eyes he turn'd away; but turning
Wheresoever, still about him
Saw ZULAIKHA, *still* ZULAIKHA,
Still, without a veil, ZULAIKHA.

But a Voice as if from Canaan
Call'd him; and a Hand from Darkness
Touch'd; and ere a living Lip
Through the mirage of bewilder'd
Eyes seduced him, he recoil'd,
And let the skirt of danger slip.

Part II.

Alas for those who having tasted once
Of that forbidden vintage of the lips
That, press'd and pressing, from each other draw
The draught that so intoxicates them both,
That, while upon the wings of Day and Night
Time rustles on, and Moons do wax and wane,
As from the very Well of Life they drink,
And, drinking, fancy they shall never drain.
But rolling Heaven from his ambush whispers,
" So in my license is it not set down:
" Ah for the sweet societies I make
" At Morning, and before the Nightfall break;
" Ah for the bliss that coming Night fills up,
" And Morn looks in to find an empty Cup!"

Once in Baghdad a poor Arab,
After weary days of fasting,
Into the Khalífah's banquet-
Chamber, where, aloft in State
Harún *the Great at supper sate,*
Push'd and pushing, with the throng,

Got before a perfume-breathing
Pasty, like the lip of SHÍRÍN
Luscious, or the Poet's song.
Soon as seen, the famisht clown
Seizes up and swallows down.
Then his mouth undaunted wiping—
" Oh Khalífah, hear me swear,
" While I breathe the dust of Baghdad,
" Ne'er at any other Table
" Than at Thine to sup or dine."
Grimly laugh'd HARÚN, *and answer'd;*
" Fool! who think'st to arbitrate
" What is in the hands of Fate—
" Take, and thrust him from the Gate!"

WHILE a full Year was counted by the Moon,
SALÁMÁN and ABSÁL rejoiced together,
And neither SHAH nor SAGE his face beheld.
They question'd those about him, and from them
Heard something: then himself to presence summon'd,
And all the truth was told. Then SAGE and SHAH
Struck out with hand and foot in his redress.

And first with REASON, which is also best;
REASON that rights the wanderer; that completes
The imperfect—REASON that resolves the knot
Of either world, and sees beyond the Veil.
For REASON is the fountain from of old
From which the Prophets drew, and none beside:
Who boasts of other Inspiration, lies—
There are no other Prophets than THE WISE.

AND first THE SHAH:—" SALÁMÁN, Oh my Soul,
" Light of the eyes of my Prosperity,
" And making bloom the court of Hope with rose;
" Year after year, SALÁMÁN, like a bud
" That cannot blow, my own blood I devour'd,
" Till, by the seasonable breath of God,
" At last I blossom'd into thee, my Son;
" Oh, do not wound me with a dagger thorn;
" Let not the full-blown rose of Royalty
" Be left to wither in a hand unclean.
" For what thy proper pastime? Bat in hand
" To mount and manage RAKHSH[1] along the Field;

[1] "LIGHTNING." The name of RUSTAM's famous Horse *in* the SHAH-NAMEH.

" Not, with no weapon but a wanton curl
" Idly reposing on a silver breast.
" Go, fly thine arrow at the antelope
" And lion—let me not My lion see
" Slain by the arrow eyes of a ghazál.
" Go, challenge ZAL or RUSTAM to the Field,
" And smite the warriors' neck ; not, flying them,
" Beneath a woman's foot submit thine own.
" O wipe the woman's henna from thy hand,
" Withdraw thee from the minion[1] who from thee
" Dominion draws, and draws me with thee down ;
" Years have I held my head aloft, and all
" For Thee—Oh shame if thou prepare my Fall !"

When before SHIRÚYEH'S *dagger*
KAI KHUSRAU,[2] *his Father, fell,*
He declared this Parable—

[1] "SHAH," and "SHAHID" (A Mistress).

[2] KHUSRAU PARVÍZ (Chosroe The Victorious), Son of NOSHÍRAVAN The Great ; slain, after Thirty Years of prosperous Reign, by his Son SHIRÚYEH, who, according to some, was in love with his Father's mistress SHÍRÍN. See further on one of the most dramatic Tragedies in Persian history.

" Wretch !—There was a branch that waxing
" Wanton o'er the root he drank from,
" At a draught the living water
" Drain'd wherewith himself to crown;
" Died the root—and with him died
" The branch—and barren was brought down !"

THE SHAH ceased counsel, and THE SAGE began.
" O last new vintage of the Vine of Life
" Planted in Paradise; Oh Master-stroke,
" And all-concluding flourish of the Pen
" KUN FA YAKÚN ;[1] Thyself prime Archetype,
" And ultimate Accomplishment of MAN !
" The Almighty hand, that out of common earth
" Thy mortal outward to the perfect form
" Of Beauty moulded, in the fleeting dust
" Inscrib'd HIMSELF, and in thy bosom set
" A mirror to reflect HIMSELF in Thee.
" Let not that dust by rebel passion blown
" Obliterate that character: nor let

[1] " BE ! AND IT IS "—The famous Word of Creation stolen from Genesis by the Kurán.

"That Mirror, sullied by the breath impure,
"Or form of carnal beauty fore-possest,
"Be made incapable of the Divine.
"Supreme is thine Original degree,
"Thy Star upon the top of Heaven; but Lust
"Will bring it down, down even to the Dust!"

Quoth a Muezzin to the crested
Cock—"'Oh Prophet of the Morning,
"Never Prophet like to you
"Prophesied of Dawn, nor Muezzín
"With so shrill a voice of warning
"'Woke the sleeper to confession
"Crying, 'LÁ ALLAH ILLÁ 'LLAH,
"MUHAMMAD RASÚLUHU.'[1]
"One, methinks, so rarely gifted
"Should have prophesied and sung
"In Heav'n, the Bird of Heav'n among,
"Not with these poor hens about him,
"Raking in a heap of dung."
"And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven
"Once I was; but by my foolish

[1] "There is no God but God; Muhammad is his Prophet."

" Lust to this uncleanly living
" With my sorry mates about me
" Thus am fallen. Otherwise,
" I were prophesying Dawn
" Before the gates of Paradise."[1]

OF all the Lover's sorrows, next to that
Of Love by Love forbidden, is the voice
Of Friendship turning harsh in Love's reproof,
And overmuch of Counsel—whereby Love
Grows stubborn, and recoiling unsupprest
Within, devours the heart within the breast.

SALÁMÁN heard; his Soul came to his lips;
Reproaches struck not ABSÁL out of him,
But drove Confusion in; bitter became
The drinking of the sweet draught of Delight,
And wan'd the splendour of his Moon of Beauty.
His breath was Indignation, and his heart

[1] Jámí, as, may be, other Saintly Doctors, kept soberly to one Wife. But wherefore, under the Law of Muhammad, should the Cock be selected (as I suppose he is) for a " *Caution*," because of his indulgence in Polygamy, however unusual among Birds ?

Bled from the arrow, and his anguish grew.
How bear it?—By the hand of Hatred dealt,
Easy to meet—and deal with, blow for blow;
But from Love's hand which one must not requite,
And cannot yield to—what resource but Flight?
Resolv'd on which, he victuall'd and equipp'd
A Camel, and one night he led it forth,
And mounted—he with Absál at his side,
Like sweet twin almonds in a single shell.
And Love least murmurs at the narrow space
That draws him close and closer in embrace.

When the Moon of Canaan Yúsuf
In the prison of Egypt darken'd,
Nightly from her spacious Palace-
Chamber, and its rich array,
Stole Zulaikha *like a fantom*
To the dark and narrow dungeon
Where her buried Treasure lay.
Then to those about her wond'ring—
" Were my Palace," she replied,
" Wider than Horizon-wide,
" It were narrower than an Ant's eye,

"Were my Treasure not inside :
"And an Ant's eye, if but there
"My Lover, Heaven's horizon were."

SIX days SALÁMÁN on the Camel rode,
And then the hissing arrows of reproof
Were fallen far behind ; and on the Seventh
He halted on the Seashore ; on the shore
Of a great Sea that reaching like a floor
Of rolling Firmament below the Sky's
From KÁF to KÁF, to GAU and MAHI[1] down
Descended, and its Stars were living eyes.
The Face of it was as it were a range
Of moving Mountains ; or a countless host
Of Camels trooping tumultuously up,
Host over host, and foaming at the lip.
Within, innumerable glittering things
Sharp as cut Jewels, to the sharpest eye

[1] Bull and Fish—the lowest Substantial Base of Earth. "He first made the Mountains ; then cleared the Face of the Earth from Sea ; then fixed it fast on Gau ; Gau on Mahi ; and Mahi on Air ; and Air on what ? on NOTHING ; Nothing on Nothing, all is Nothing—Enough." Attar ; quoted in De Sacy's Pendnamah, xxxv.

Scarce visible, hither and hither slipping,
As silver scissors slice a blue brocade;
But should the Dragon coil'd in the abyss[1]
Emerge to light, his starry counter-sign
Would shrink into the depth of Heav'n aghast.

Salámán eyed the moving wilderness
On which he thought, once launcht, no foot, nor eye
Should ever follow; forthwith he devis'd
Of sundry scented woods along the shore
A little shallop like a Quarter-moon,
Wherein Absál and He like Sun and Moon
Enter'd as into some Celestial Sign;
That, figured like a bow, but arrow-like
In flight, was feather'd with a little sail,
And, pitcht upon the water like a duck,
So with her bosom sped to her Desire.

When they had sailed their vessel for a Moon,
And marr'd their beauty with the wind o' the Sea,

[1] The Sidereal Dragon, whose Head, according to the Pauránic (or poetic) astronomers of the East, devoured the Sun and Moon in Eclipse. "But *we* know," said Ramachandra to Sir W. Jones, "that the supposed Head and Tail of the Dragon mean only the *Nodes*, or points formed by intersections of the Ecliptic and the Moon's Orbit."—Sir W. Jones' Works, vol. iv., p. 74.

Suddenly in mid sea reveal'd itself
An Isle, beyond imagination fair;
An Isle that all was Garden; not a Flower,
Nor Bird of plumage like the flower, but there;
Some like the Flower, and others like the Leaf;
Some, as the Pheasant and the Dove adorn'd
With crown and collar, over whom, alone,
The jewell'd Peacock like a Sultan shone;
While the Musicians, and among them Chief
The Nightingale, sang hidden in the trees
Which, arm in arm, from fingers quivering
With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
Down scatter d in profusion to their feet,
Where fountains of sweet water ran between,
And Sun and shadow chequer-chased the green.
Here Iram-garden seem'd in secresy
Blowing the rosebud of his Revelation;[1]
Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn
Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

SALÁMÁN saw the Isle, and thought no more
Of Further—there with ABSÁL he sate down,
ABSAL and He together side by side
Together like the Lily and the Rose,

[1] Note in Appendix.

Together like the Soul and Body, one.
Under its trees in one another's arms
They slept—they drank its fountains hand in
    hand—
Paraded with the Peacock—raced the Partridge—
Chased the green Parrot for his stolen fruit,
Or sang divisions with the Nightingale.
There was the Rose without a thorn, and there
The Treasure and no Serpent[1] to beware—
Oh think of such a Mistress at your side
In such a Solitude, and none to chide!

Said to WÁMIK *one who never*
Knew the Lover's passion—" Why
" Solitary thus and silent
" Solitary places haunting,
" Like a Dreamer, like a Spectre,
    " Like a thing about to die?"
WÁMIK *answer'd—" Meditating*
" Flight with Azrá[2] to the Desert:
" There by so remote a Fountain
    " That, whichever way one travell'd,

[1] The supposed guardian of buried treasure.

[2] Wámik and Azrá (Virgin) two typical Lovers.

"*League on league, one yet should never*
"*See the face of Man; for ever*
"*There to gaze on my Belovéd;*
"*Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing*
"*Grew to Being Her I gaze on,*
"SHE *and* I *no more, but in One*
"*Undivided Being blended.*
"*All that is by Nature twain*
"*Fears, or suffers by, the pain*
"*Of Separation: Love is only*
"*Perfect when itself transcends*
"*Itself, and, one with that it loves,*
"*In undivided Being blends.*"

WHEN by and by the SHAH was made aware
Of that heart-breaking Flight, his royal robe
He chang'd for ashes, and his Throne for dust,
And wept awhile in darkness and alone.
Then rose; and, taking counsel from the SAGE,
Pursuit set everywhere afoot: but none
Could trace the footstep of the flying Deer.
Then from his secret Art the Sage-Vizyr
A Magic Mirror made; a Mirror like
The bosom of All-wise Intelligence

Reflecting in its mystic compass all
Within the sev'n-fold volume of the World
Involv'd; and, looking in that Mirror's face,
The SHAH beheld the face of his Desire.
Beheld those Lovers, like that earliest pair
Of Lovers, in this other Paradise
So far from human eyes in the mid sea,
And yet within the magic glass so near
As with a finger one might touch them, isled.
THE SHAH beheld them; and compassion touch'd
His eyes and anger died upon his lips;
And arm'd with Righteous Judgment as he was,
Yet, seeing those two Lovers with one lip
Drinking that cup of Happiness and Tears[1]
In which Farewell had never yet been flung,[2]
He paused for their Repentance to recall
The lifted arm that was to shatter all.

The Lords of Wrath have perish'd by the blow
Themselves had aim'd at others long ago.
Draw not in haste the sword, which Fate, may be,
Will sheathe, hereafter to be drawn on Thee.

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[1] *Κρατῆρα μακρὸν ἡδονῆς καὶ δακρύων*
Κιρνῶντες ἐξέπινον ἄχρις ἐς μέθην.

[2] A pebble flung into a Cup being a signal for a company to break up.

FARHÁD, *who the shapeless mountain*
Into human likeness moulded,
Under SHÍRÍN'S *eyes as slavish*
Potters' earth himself became.

Then the secret fire of jealous
Frenzy, catching and devouring
KAI KHUSRAU, *broke into flame.*

With that ancient Hag of Darkness
Plotting, at the midnight Banquet
FARHÁD'S *golden cup he poison'd,*
And in SHÍRÍN'S *eyes alone*
Reign'd—But Fate that Fate revenges,
Arms SHIRÚYEH *with the dagger*
That at once from SHÍRÍN *tore,*
And hurl'd him lifeless from his throne.[1]

[1] One story is that Khusrau had promised that if Farhád cut through a Mountain, and brought a Stream through, Shírín should be his. Farhád was on the point of achieving his work, when Khusrau sent an old Woman (here, perhaps, purposely confounded with Fate) to tell him Shírín was dead; whereon Farhád threw himself headlong from the Rock. The Sculpture at Beysitún (or Besitún), where Rawlinson has deciphered Darius and Xerxes, was traditionally called Farhád's.

BUT as the days went on, and still THE SHAH
Beheld his Son how in the Woman lost,
And still the Crown that should adorn his head,
And still the Throne that waited for his foot,
Both trampled under by a base desire,
Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied—
Then from the sorrow of THE SHAH fell Fire;
To Gracelessness ungracious he became,
And, quite to shatter that rebellious lust,
Upon SALÁMÁN all his WILL, with all[1]
His SAGE-VIZYR's Might-magic arm'd, discharged.
And Lo! SALÁMÁN to his Mistress turn'd,
But could not reach her—look'd and look'd again,
And palpitated tow'rd her—but in vain!
Oh Misery! As to the Bankrupt's eyes
The Gold he may not finger! or the Well
To him who sees a-thirst, and cannot reach.
Or Heav'n above reveal'd to those in Hell!
Yet when SALÁMÁN's anguish was extreme,
The door of Mercy open'd, and he saw
That Arm he knew to be his Father's reacht
To lift him from the pit in which he lay:
Timidly tow'rd his Father's eyes his own

[1] He Mesmerizes him!—See also further on this Power of the WILL.

He lifted, pardon-pleading, crime-confest,
And drew once more to that forsaken Throne,
As the stray bird one day will find her nest.

One was asking of a Teacher,
" How, a Father his reputed
" Son for his should recognize ?"
Said the Master, " By the stripling,
" As he grows to manhood, growing
" Like to his reputed Father,
" Good or Evil, Fool or Wise.

" Lo the disregarded Darnel
" With itself adorns the Wheat-field,
" And for all the vernal season
" Satisfies the farmer's eye ;
" But the hour of harvest coming,
" And the thrasher by and by,
" Then a barren ear shall answer,
" 'Darnel, and no Wheat, am I.' "

Yet Ah for that poor Lover! "Next the curse
"Of Love by Love forbidden, nothing worse
"Than Friendship turn'd in Love's reproof unkind,
    "And Love from Love divorcing"—Thus I said:
Alas, a worse, and worse, is yet behind—
    Love's back-blow of Revenge for having fled!

Salámán bow'd his forehead to the dust
Before his Father; to his Father's hand
Fast—but yet fast, and faster, to his own
Clung one, who by no tempest of reproof
Or wrath might be dissever'd from the stem
She grew to: till, between Remorse and Love,
He came to loathe his Life and long for Death.
And, as from him *She* would not be divorc'd,
With Her he fled again: he fled—but now
To no such Island centred in the sea
As lull'd them into Paradise before;
But to the Solitude of Desolation,
The Wilderness of Death. And as before
Of sundry scented woods along the shore
A shallop he devised to carry them
Over the waters whither foot nor eye
Should ever follow them, he thought—so now
Of sere wood strewn about the plain of Death,
A raft to bear them through the wave of Fire

Into Annihilation, he devis'd,
Gather'd, and built; and, firing with a Torch,
Into the central flame ABSÁL and He
Sprung hand in hand exulting. But the SAGE
In secret all had order'd; and the Flame,
Directed by his self-fulfilling WILL,
Devouring Her to ashes, left untouch'd
SALÁMÁN—all the baser metal burn'd,
And to itself the authentic Gold return'd.

PART III.

FROM the Beginning such has been the Fate
Of Man, whose very clay was soak'd in tears.
For when at first of common Earth they took,
And moulded to the stature of the Soul,
For Forty days, full Forty days, the cloud
Of Heav'n wept over him from head to foot:
And when the Forty days had passed to Night,
The Sunshine of one solitary day
Look'd out of Heav'n to dry the weeping clay.[1]
And though that sunshine in the long arrear
        Of darkness on the breathless image rose,
        Yet, with the Living, every wise man knows
Such consummation scarcely shall be here!

SALÁMÁN fired the pile; and in the flame
That, passing him, consumed ABSÁL like straw,
Died his Divided Self, his Individual
Surviv'd, and, like a living Soul from which
The Body falls, strange, naked, and alone.
Then rose his cry to Heaven—his eyelashes

[1] Some such Legend is quoted by De Sacy and D'Herbelot from some Commentaries on the Kurán.

Wept blood—his sighs stood like a smoke in Heaven,
And Morning rent her garment at his anguish.
And when Night came, that drew the pen across
The written woes of Day for all but him,
Crouch'd in a lonely corner of the house,
He seem'd to feel about him in the dark
For one who was not, and whom no fond word
Could summon from the Void in which she lay.

And so the Wise One found him where he sate
Bow'd down alone in darkness; and once more
Made the long-silent voice of Reason sound
In the deserted Palace of his Soul;
Until SALÁMÁN lifted up his head
To bow beneath the Master; sweet it seem'd,
Sweeping the chaff and litter from his own,
To be the very dust of Wisdom's door,
Slave of the Firmán of the Lord of Life,
Who pour'd the wine of Wisdom in his cup,
Who laid the dew of Peace upon his lips;
Yea, wrought by Miracle in his behalf.
For when old Love return'd to Memory,
And broke in passion from his lips, THE SAGE,
Under whose waxing WILL Existence rose
From Nothing, and, relaxing, waned again,
Raising a Fantom Image of ABSÁL,

Set it awhile before SALÁMÁN's eyes,
Till, having sow'd the seed of comfort there,
It went again down to Annihilation.
But ever, as the Fantom past away,
THE SAGE would tell of a Celestial Love;
" ZUHRAH,"[1] he said, " ZUHRAH, compared with whom
" That brightest star that bears her name in Heav'n
" Was but a winking taper; and Absál,
" Queen-star of Beauties in this world below,
" But her distorted image in the stream
" Of fleeting Matter; and all Eloquence,
" And Soul-enchaining harmonies of Song,
" A far-off echo of that Harp in Heav'n
" Which Dervish-dances to her harmony."

SALÁMÁN listen'd, and inclin'd—again
Entreated, inclination ever grew;
Until THE SAGE beholding in his Soul
The SPIRIT[2] quicken, so effectually
With ZUHRAH wrought, that she reveal'd herself
In her pure lustre to SALÁMÁN's Soul,
And blotting ABSÁL's Image from his breast,
There reign'd instead. Celestial Beauty seen,

[1] " ZUHRAH." The Planetary and Celestial Venus.
[2] "*Maany.*" The Mystical pass-word of the Súfís, to express the transcendental New Birth of the Soul.

He left the Earthly; and, once come to know
Eternal Love, the Mortal he let go.

The Crown of Empire how supreme a lot!
The Sultan's Throne how lofty! Yea, but not
For All—None but the Heaven-ward foot may dare
To mount—The head that touches Heaven to wear!—

When the Belov'd of Royal augury
Was rescued from the bondage of Absál,
Then he arose, and shaking off the dust
Of that lost travel, girded up his heart,
And look'd with undefiléd robe to Heaven.
Then was his Head worthy to wear the Crown,
His Foot to mount the Throne. And then The Shah
From all the quarters of his World-wide realm
Summon'd all those who under Him the ring
Of Empire wore, King, Counsellor, Amír;
Of whom not one but to Salámán did
Obeisance, and lifted up his neck
To yoke it under His supremacy.
Then The Shah crown'd him with the Golden Crown,
And set the Golden Throne beneath his feet,

And over all the heads of the Assembly,
And in the ears of all, his Jewel-word
With the Diamond of Wisdom cut, and said:—

" My Son,[1] the Kingdom of The World is not
" Eternal, nor the sum of right desire;
" Make thou the Law reveal'd of God thy Law,
" The voice of Intellect Divine within
" Interpreter; and considering To-day
" To-morrow's Seed-field, ere That come to bear,
" Sow with the harvest of Eternity.
" And, as all Work, and, most of all, the Work
" That Kings are born to, wisely should be wrought,
" Where doubtful of thine own sufficiency,
" Ever, as I have done, consult the Wise.
" Turn not thy face away from the Old ways,
" That were the canon of the Kings of Old;
" Nor cloud with Tyranny the glass of Justice:

[1] One sees Jámi taking advantage of his Allegorical Shah to read a lesson to the Living—whose ears Advice, unlike Praise, scarce ever reached unless obliquely and by Fable. The Warning (and doubtless with good reason) is principally aimed at the Minister.

"By Mercy rather to right Order turn
"Confusion, and Disloyalty to Love.
"In thy provision for the Realm's estate,
"And for the Honour that becomes a King,
"Drain not thy People's purse—the Tyranny
"Which Thee enriches at thy Subject's cost,
"Awhile shall make thee strong; but in the end
"Shall bow thy neck beneath thy People's hate,
"And lead thee with the Robber down to Hell.
"Thou art a Shepherd, and thy Flock the People,
"To help and save, not ravage and destroy;
"For which is for the other, Flock or Shepherd?
"And join with thee True men to keep the Flock—
"Dogs, if you will—but trusty—head in leash,
"Whose teeth are for the Wolf, not for the Lamb,
"And least of all the Wolf's accomplices.
"For Shahs must have Vizyrs—but be they Wise
"And Trusty—knowing well the Realm's estate—
"Knowing how far to Shah and Subject bound
"On either hand—not by extortion, nor
"By usury wrung from the People's purse,
"Feeding their Master, and themselves (with whom
"Enough is apt enough to make rebel)
"To such a surfeit feeding as feeds Hell.
"Proper in soul and body be they—pitiful
"To Poverty—hospitable to the Saint—

" Their sweet Access a salve to wounded Hearts;
" Their Wrath a sword against Iniquity,
" But at thy bidding only to be drawn;
" Whose Ministers they are, to bring thee in
" Report of Good or Evil through the Realm:
  " Which to confirm with thine immediate Eye,
" And least of all, remember—least of all,
" Suffering Accuser also to be Judge,
  " By surest steps up-builds Prosperity."

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MEANING OF THE STORY.

UNDER the leaf of many a Fable lies
The Truth for those who look for it; of this
If thou wouldst look behind and find the Fruit,
(To which the Wiser hand hath found his way)
Have thy desire—No Tale of ME and THEE,
Though I and THOU be its Interpreters.[1]
What signifies THE SHAH? and what THE SAGE?
And what SALÁMÁN not of Woman born?
Who was ABSÁL who drew him to Desire?
And what the KINGDOM that awaited him
When he had drawn his Garment from her hand?
What means THAT SEA? And what that FIERY PILE?
And what that Heavenly ZUHRAH who at last
Clear'd ABSÁL from the Mirror of his Soul?
Listen to me, and you shall understand
The Word that Lover wrote along the sand.[2]

[1] The Story is of *Generals*, though enacted by *Particulars*.
[2] See page 56.

The Incomparable Creator, when this World
He did create, created first of all
The First Intelligence[1]—First of a Chain
Of Ten Intelligences, of which the Last
Sole Agent is in this our Universe,
Active Intelligence so call'd; The One
Distributor of Evil and of Good,

[1] "These Ten Intelligences are only another Form of the Gnostic Dæmones. The Gnostics held that Matter and Spirit could have no Intercourse—they were, as it were, *incommensurate.* How then, granting this premise, was Creation possible? Their answer was a kind of gradual Elimination. God, the 'Actus Purus,' created an Æon; this Æon created a Second; and so on, until the Tenth Æon was sufficiently Material (as the Ten were in a continually descending Series) to affect Matter, and so cause the Creation by giving to Matter the Spiritual *Form.*

Similarly we have in Sufiism these Ten Intelligences in a corresponding Series, and for the same End.

There are Ten Intelligences, and Nine Heavenly Spheres, of which the Ninth is the Uppermost Heaven, appropriated to the First Intelligence; the Eighth, that of the Zodiac, to the Second; the Seventh, Saturn, to the Third; the Sixth, Jupiter, to the Fourth; the Fifth, Mars, to the Fifth; the Fourth, The Sun, to the Sixth; the Third, Venus, to the Seventh; the Second, Mercury, to the Eighth; the First, The Moon, to the Ninth; and The Earth is the peculiar Sphere of the Tenth, or lowest Intelligence, called The Active."—E. B. C.—*v.* Appendix.

Of Joy and Sorrow. Himself apart from MATTER,
In Essence and in Energy—He yet
Hath fashion'd all that is—Material Form,
And Spiritual, all from HIM—by HIM
Directed all, and in his Bounty drown'd.
Therefore is He that Firmán-issuing SHAH
To whom the World was subject. But because
What He distributes to the Universe
Another and a Higher Power supplies,
Therefore all those who comprehend aright,
That Higher in THE SAGE will recognise.

HIS the PRIME SPIRIT that, spontaneously
Projected by the TENTH INTELLIGENCE,
Was from no womb of MATTER reproduced
A special Essence called THE SOUL OF MAN;
A Child of Heaven, in raiment unbeshamed
Of Sensual taint, and so SALÁMÁN named.

And who ABSÁL?—The Sense-adoring Body,
Slave to the Blood and Sense—through whom THE SOUL,
Although the Body's very Life it be,
Doth yet imbibe the knowledge and delight
Of things of SENSE; and these in such a bond
United as GOD only can divide,
As Lovers in this Tale are signified.

And what the Flood on which they sail'd, with those
Fantastic creatures peopled; and that Isle
In which their Paradise awhile they made,
And thought, for ever?—That false Paradise
Amid the fluctuating Waters found
Of Sensual passion, in whose bosom lies
A world of Being from the light of God
Deep as in unsubsiding Deluge drown'd.

And why was it that ABSÁL in that Isle
So soon deceived in her Delight, and He
Fell short of his Desire?—that was to show
How soon the Senses of their Passion tire,
And in a surfeit of themselves expire.

And what the turning of SALÁMÁN'S Heart
Back to THE SHAH, and to the throne of Might
And Glory yearning?—What but the return
Of the lost SOUL to his true Parentage,
And back from Carnal error looking up
Repentant to his Intellectual Right.

And when the Man between his living Shame
Distracted, and the Love that would not die,
Fled once again—what meant that second Flight
Into the Desert, and that Pile of Fire

On which he fain his Passion with Himself
Would immolate?—That was the Discipline
To which the the living Man himself devotes,
Till all the Sensual dross be scorcht away,
And, to its pure integrity return'd,
His Soul alone survives. But forasmuch
As from a darling Passion so divorc'd
The wound will open and will bleed anew,
Therefore THE SAGE would ever and anon
Raise up and set before Salámán's eyes
That Fantom of the past; but evermore
Revealing one Diviner, till his Soul
She fill'd, and blotted out the Mortal Love.
For what is ZUHRAH?—What but that Divine
Original, of which the Soul of Man
Darkly possesst, by that fierce Discipline
At last he disengages from the Dust,
And flinging off the baser rags of Sense,
And all in Intellectual Light arrayed,
As Conqueror and King he mounts the Throne,
And wears the Crown of Human Glory—Whence,
Throne over Throne surmounting, he shall reign
One with the LAST and FIRST INTELLIGENCE.

This is the meaning of this Mystery,
Which to know wholly ponder in thy Heart,
Till all its ancient Secret be enlarged.
Enough—The written Summary I close,
And set my Seal—

THE
TRUTH
GOD ONLY
KNOWS.

APPENDIX.

"To thy Harim Dividuality
"No entrance finds," &c. (p. 52.)

This Sufi Identification with Deity (further illustrated in the Story of Salámán's first flight) is shadowed in a Parable of Jelaluddin, of which here is an outline. "One knocked at the Beloved's Door; and a Voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the Voice said, 'This House will not hold Me and Thee.' And the Door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a Year he returned, and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is Thyself!'—and the Door was opened to him."

O Darling of the soul of Iflatun
To whom with all his school Aristo bows. (p. 60.)

Some Traveller in the East—Professor Eastwick, I think—tells us that in endeavouring to explain to an Eastern Cook the nature of an *Irish Stew,* the man said he knew well enough about "*Aristo.*" "*Iflatun,*" might almost as well have been taken for "*Volauvent.*"

"Like Noah's, puffed with Insolence and Pride," &c. (p. 61.)

In the Kurán God engages to save Noah and his Family,—meaning all who believed in the Warning. One of Noah's Sons

(Canaan or Ham, some think) would not believe. "And the Ark swam with them between waves like Mountains, and Noah called up to his Son, who was separated from him, saying, 'Embark with us, my Son, and stay not with the Unbelievers.' He answered, 'I will get on a Mountain which will secure me from the Water.' Noah replied, 'There is no security this Day from the Decree of God, except for him on whom he shall have Mercy.' And a Wave passed between them, and he became one of those who were drowned. And it was said, 'Oh Earth, swallow up thy waters, and Thou, oh Heaven, withhold thy Rain!' And immediately the Water abated and the Decree was fulfilled, and the Ark rested on the Mountain Al Judi, and it was said, 'Away with the ungodly People!'—Noah called upon his Lord and said, 'Oh Lord, verily my Son is of my Family, and thy Promise is True; for Thou art of those who exercise Judgment.' God answered, 'Oh Noah, verily he is not of thy Family; this intercession of thine for him is not a righteous work.' "—*Sale's Kurán*, vol. ii. p. 21.

"*Finer than any Bridal-puppet, which*
"*To prove another's Love a Woman sends,*" *&c.* (p. 67.)

In Atkinson's version of the "Kitábi Kulsum Náneh" we find among other Ceremonials and Proprieties of which the Book treats, that when a Woman wished to ascertain another's Love, she sent a Doll on a Tray with flowers and sweetmeats, and judged how far her affection was reciprocated by the Doll's being returned to her drest in a Robe of Honour, or in Black. The same Book also tells of *two* Dolls—Bride and Bridegroom,

I suppose—being used on such ocasions; the test of Affection being whether the one sent were returned with or without its Fellow.

"*The Royal Game of Chúgán.*" (p. 68.)

For centuries the Royal Game of Persia, and adopted (Ouseley thinks) under varying modifications of name and practice by other nations, was played by Horsemen, who, suitably habited, and armed with semicircular-headed Bats or Sticks, strove to drive a Ball through a Goal of upright Pillars. (See Frontispiece). We may call it "Horse-hockey," as heretofore played by young Englishmen in the Maidán of Calcutta, and other Indian cities, I believe, and now in England itself under the name of Polo.

The Frontispiece to this version of the Poem is "accurately copied from an Engraving in Sir William's Book, which he says (and those who care to look into the Bodleian for it may see), is accurately copied from a very beautiful Persian MS., containing the Works of Háfiz, transcribed in the year 956 of the Hejirah, 1549 of Christ; the MS. is in my own Collection. This Delineation exhibits the Horsemen contending for the Ball; their short Jackets seem peculiarly adapted to the Sport; we see the Míl, or Goals; Servants attend on Foot, holding Chúgáns in readiness for other Persons who may join in the Amusement, or to supply the place of any that may be broken. A young Prince—as his Parr, or Feather, would indicate—receives on his Entrance into the Meidan, or Place of Exercise, a Chúgán from the hands of a bearded Man very plainly dressed; yet (as an intelligent Painter at Ispahan assured me, and as appears

from other Miniatures in the same Book) this Bearded Figure is meant to represent Háfiz himself," &c.

The Persian legend at the Top Corner is the Verse from Hafiz which the Drawing illustrates:

Shahsuvára khúsh bemeidán ámedy gúy bezann.

The Muezzín's Cry. (p. 81.)

I am informed by a distinguished Arabic Scholar that the proper Cry of the Muezzin is, with some slight local variations, such as he heard it at Cairo and Damascus:

Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar;
Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar;
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;
Hayá 'alá 's-salát, Hayá 'alá 's-salát,
Inna 's-salát khair min an-naum.

"God is great" *(four times)*; "Confess that there is no God but God," *(three times)*; "Confess that Muhammad is the prophet of God," *(three times)*; "Come to Prayer, Come to Prayer, for Prayer is better than Sleep."

THE GARDEN OF IRAM. (p. 86.)

"*Here Iram-Garden seem'd in Secresy*
"*Blowing the Rose-bud of its Revelation*;"

"Mahomet," says Sir W. Jones, "in the Chapter of The Morning, towards the end of his Alcoran, mentions a Garden called 'Irem,' which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic Poets than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the Commentators say, by a king named Shedád,"—deep in the Sands of Arabia Felix—"and was once seen by an Arabian who wandered far into the Desert in search of a lost Camel."

THE TEN INTELLIGENCES. (p. 103.)

A curious parallel to this doctrine is quoted by Mr. Morley (Critical Miscellanies, Series II. p. 318), from so anti-gnostic a Doctor as Paley, in Ch. III of his Natural Theology.

"As we have said, therefore, God prescribes limits to his power, that he may let in the exercise, and thereby exhibit demonstrations, of his wisdom. For then—*i.e.*, such laws and limitations being laid down, it is as though some Being should have fixed certain rules; and, if we may so speak, provided certain materials; and, afterwards, have committed to some other Being, out of these materials, and in subordination to these rules, the task of drawing forth a Creation; a supposition which evidently leaves room, and induces indeed a necessity, for contrivance. Nay, there may be many such Agents, and many ranks of these. We do not advance this as a doctrine either of philosophy or religion; but we say that the subject may be safely represented under this view; because the Deity, acting himself by general laws, will have the same consequence upon our reasoning, as if he had prescribed these laws to another."

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